

MILT GROSS

AUG.
47

Funnies

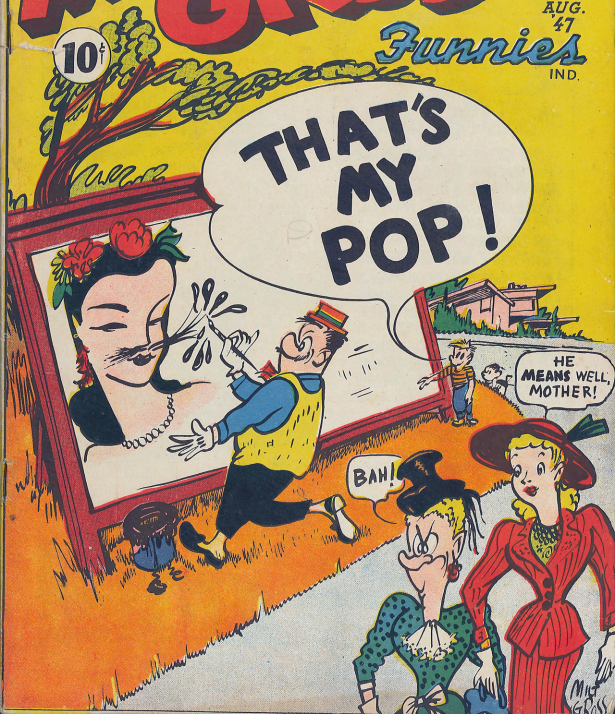
IND.

10¢

THAT'S
MY
POP!

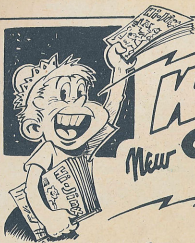
HE
MEANS WELL,
MOTHER!

BAH!





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM



WUXTRY!

COMICS MAGAZINE

SMASH HIT!

IT'S **Hi-Jinx**

... THE GREATEST FUNNY BOOK
THAT EVER HIT THE STANDS!
AND FEATURING A BRAND-NEW
IDEA IN COMICS THAT'LL
SPLIT YOUR SIDES!
FOR THE FIRST TIME...

TEEN-AGE ANIMAL FUNNIES!
THEY'RE RIOTOUS...DELIGHTFULLY
DIFFERENT! THINK ONLY HUMANS
CAN CUT A RUG? THEN MEET
SOME REAL HEPCATS... A
MERRY MENAGERIE OF JOYOUS
JITTERBUGS IN SENSATIONAL,
SMILE-A-SECOND STORIES
GEARED FOR GIGGLES AND
GASPS!

DON'T SAY WE DIDN'T WARN
YOU! Remember...you'll
bust your stitches if
you read

Hi-Jinx
TEEN-AGE ANIMAL FUNNIES



10¢ ON ALL STANDS

THAT'S MY POP!

INTRODUCING—



GAYLORD GINCH—affectionately known as "POP"! He's not REALLY lazy. He's just too light for heavy work—and too heavy for light work! You've got to understand him—and his day-dreams. You see, Pop is always inventing things. It's true that he didn't invent the electric light, or the bomb-sight, or television—but we're sure that if he had THOUGHT of inventing them, he would have been very glad to do so! We don't HAVE to believe his neighbors, who insist that the best things he ever invented were ways to keep from going to work! No, Pop's really a great man, who believes that the world is his oyster—and has been waiting thirty years for someone to come along and open it for him!



GERTRUDE GINCH — Pop's loyal and believing wife! No matter WHAT folks say, she KNOWS Pop is really a great man! She'll defend him at the drop of a hat, but says that he is his own worst enemy. . . .



... To which MOTHER-IN-LAW APPLEBY, bane of Pop's existence, retorts "Not while I live!" She'll NEVER understand him. Maybe ONE of his ideas may work out, she thinks—but who can live THAT long?

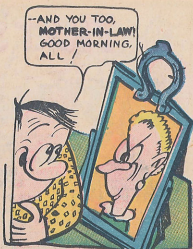
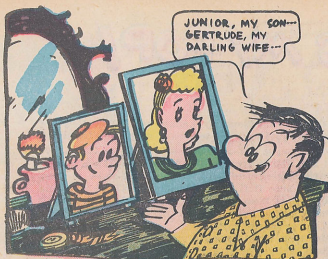


JUNIOR and Pop are great pals! Junior minds his own business and never gets into fights, except when the other kids start making cracks about his old man—so he's ALWAYS getting into fights!

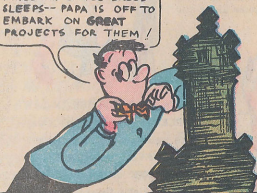
"DOC" PEARSON, Pop's boon companion! There's no housing shortage in Doc's skull, where there's always a vacancy! He's forever hanging around thinking up great schemes for Pop, who does all the work—but somehow none of these great schemes ever seems to work out!



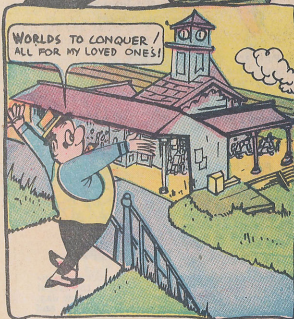
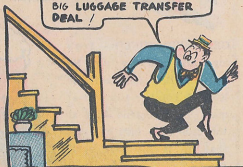
And so our story opens—in the early, early morning. All night, Pop has been dreaming up a great new idea—a vast Luggage Transfer System! If it clicks, he's in the chips! We now bring you GAYLORD GINCH as he tiptoes out of bed to start the big new day. He stops for a moment by the antique dresser on which stand pictures of Gertrude and Junior—

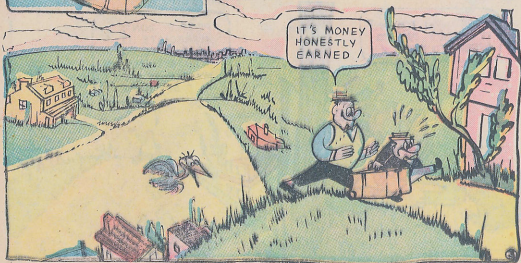
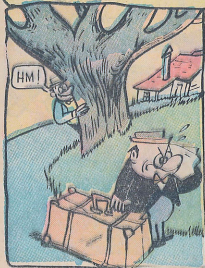


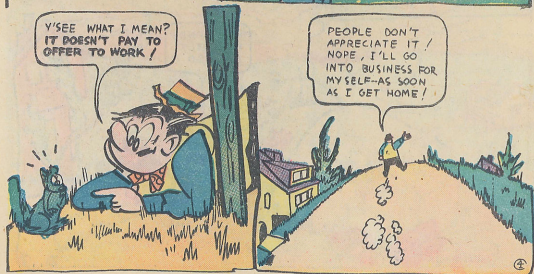
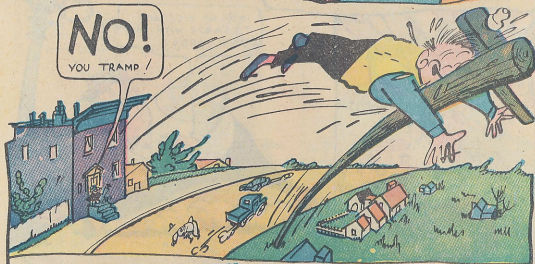
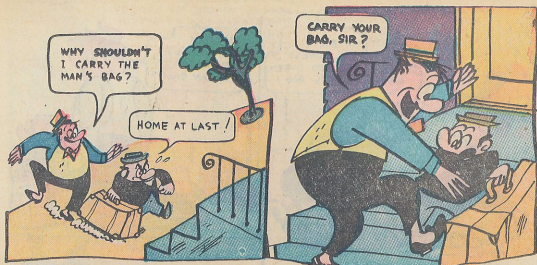
WHILE HIS LITTLE BLOOD SLEEPS-- PAPA IS OFF TO EMBARK ON GREAT PROJECTS FOR THEM!



SLUMBER ON, MY DEARS! I GO TO LOOK INTO THAT BIG LUGGAGE TRANSFER DEAL!

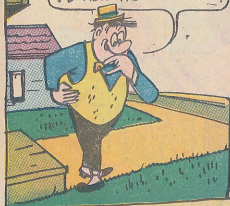




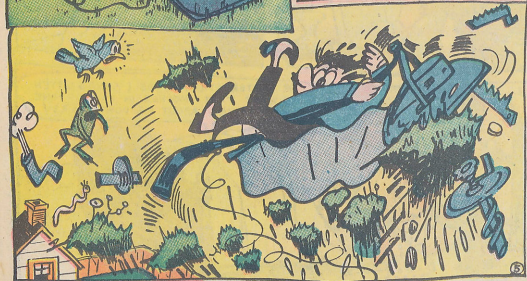
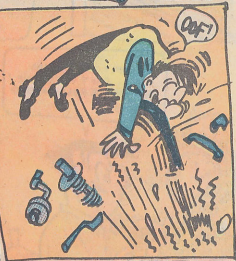


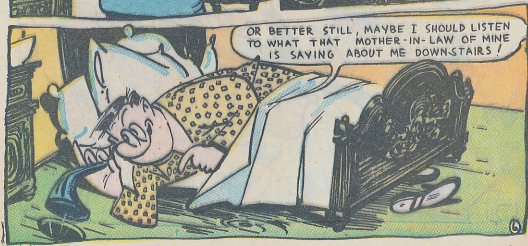
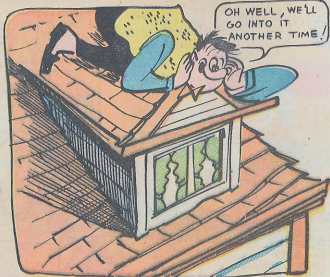
GOSH, REMINDS ME THAT
I PROMISED GERTRUDE
I'D MOW THE LAWN TODAY!

NOW TO TRY OUT MY LATEST
INVENTION---A COMBINATION
LAWN MOWER AND VACUUM
CLEANER!
COULD BE
SOMETHING...



— BIG!
VERY, VERY B—

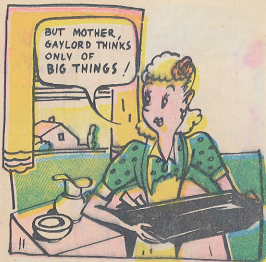




GERTRUDE! IT'S TIME THAT
LAZY, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING
HUSBAND OF YOURS WENT
TO **WORK!**



BUT MOTHER,
GAYLORD THINKS
ONLY OF
BIG THINGS!



BAH!

RIGHT
NOW, HE'S
WORKING
ON A --



...COMBINATION
PERCOLATOR
AND POP-UP
TOASTER THAT
...OOPS!

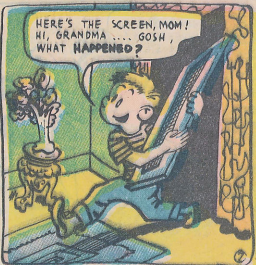


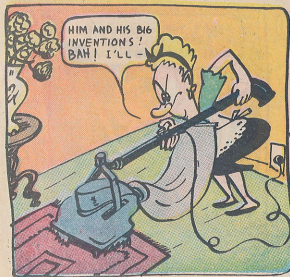
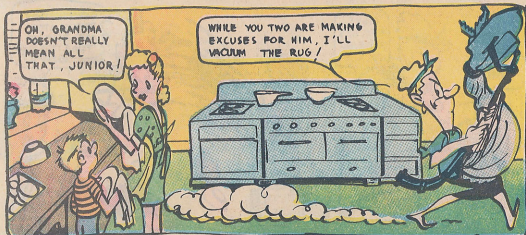
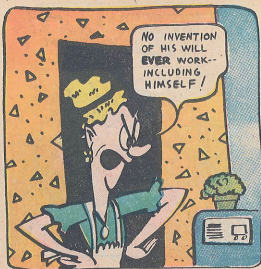
THIS IS THE LIMIT!
OUT HE GOES!

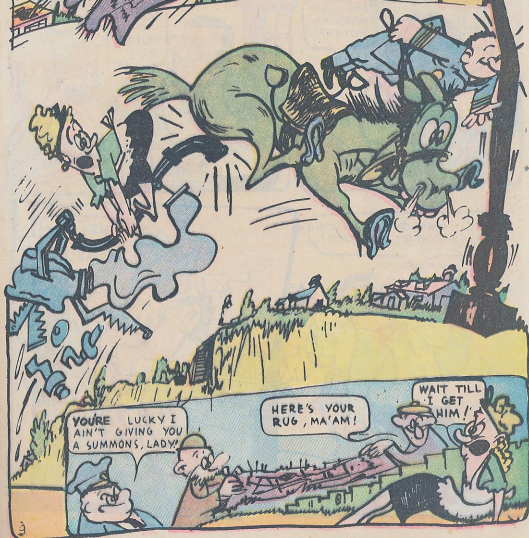
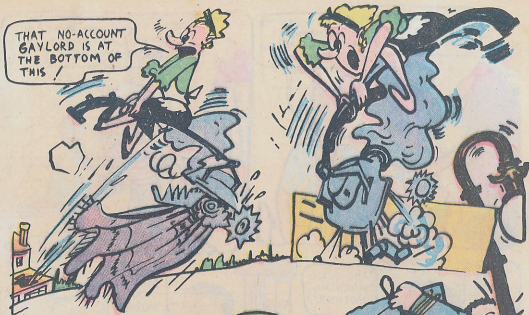
OH MOTHER,
HE MEANS WELL!



HERE'S THE SCREEN, MOM!
HI, GRANDMA GOSH,
WHAT HAPPENED?



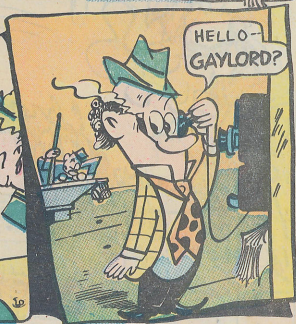
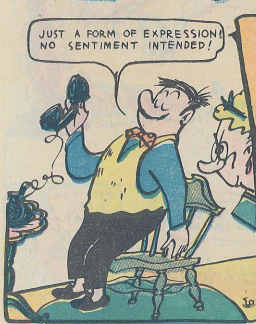
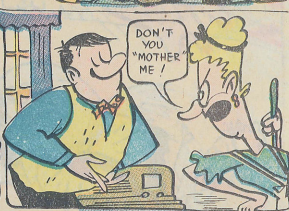
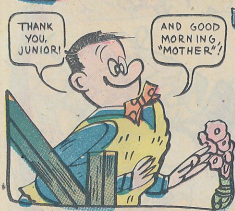
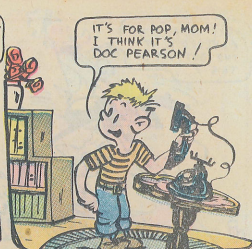
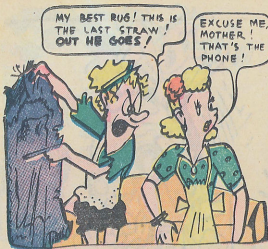




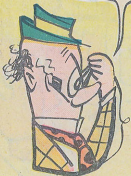
YOU'RE LUCKY I
AIN'T GIVING YOU
A SUMMONS, LADY!

HERE'S YOUR
RUG, MA'AM!

WAIT TILL
I GET
HIM!



SORRY TO GET
YOU UP THIS
EARLY, POP!



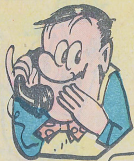
S'ALL RIGHT, DOC!
I'LL TAKE A NAP
BEFORE DINNER!
WHAT'S ON YOUR
MIND?



JUST WANTED TO
TELL YOU THAT THE
PICNIC IS ON FOR
WEDNESDAY!



FINE, FINE!
-AND THE
ACCESSORIES??

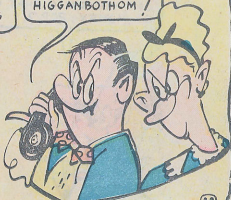


ALL TAKEN CARE OF!
LEFTY ORDERED THE
GINGERADE, LEMONADE
AND SODA POP!
WHITEY IS BRINGING
THE CLAMS!



SPLENDID, SPLENDID,
MY DEAR JUDGE-
HIGGANBOTHOM!

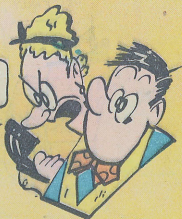
AHA!



HIGGANBOTHOM ???
SAY, POP, IS THAT
MOTHER-IN-LAW OF
YOURS LISTENING
IN ?



WHO'S LISTENING
IN ? I'M JUST
DUSTING THE
PHONE !

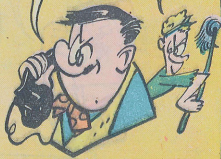


WELL, DUST IT WHEN
I'M THROUGH
TALKING !



OKAY, OKAY,
PEARSON ! GET
BACK TO
BUSINESS !

BAH !
PICNICS !

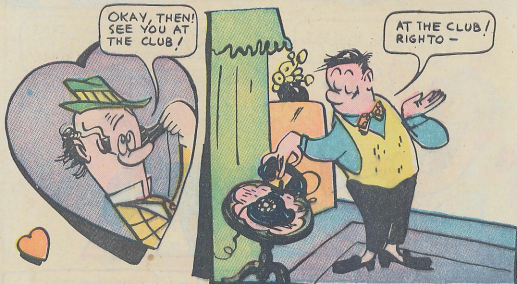
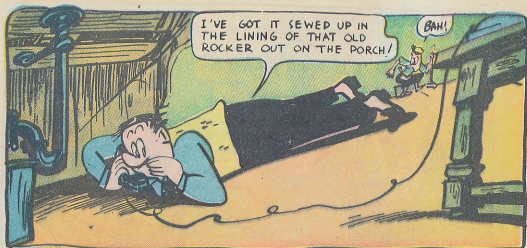


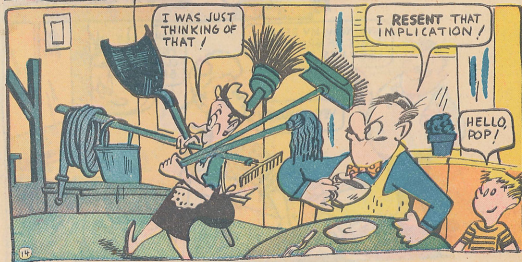
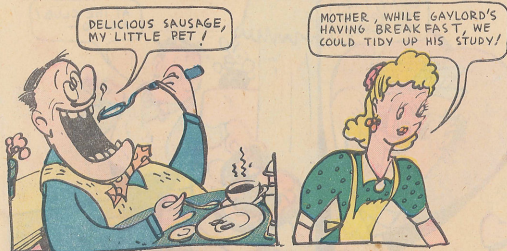
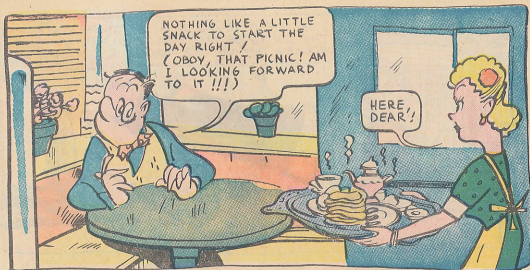
THIS PICNIC IS GOING TO
COST FIVE DOLLARS A HEAD !
CAN YOU RAISE THAT KIND
OF MONEY, POP ?

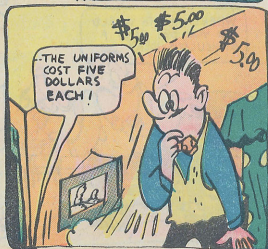
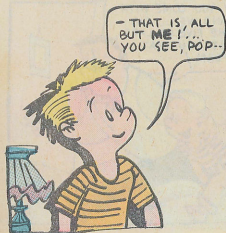
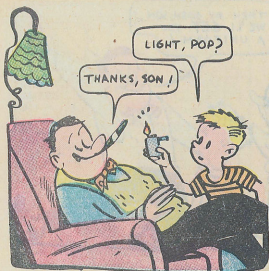


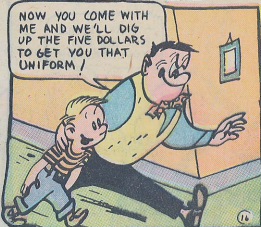
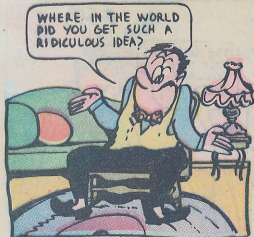
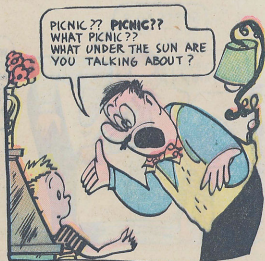
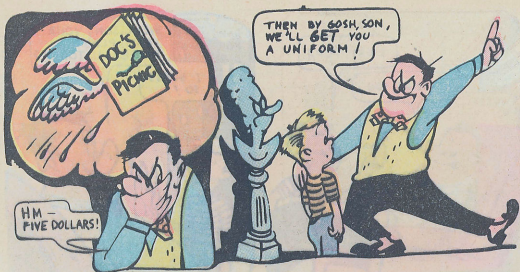
I DON'T HAVE TO RAISE IT,
DOC ! I'VE GOT IT SALTED
AWAY FOR JUST SUCH AN
EMERGENCY !

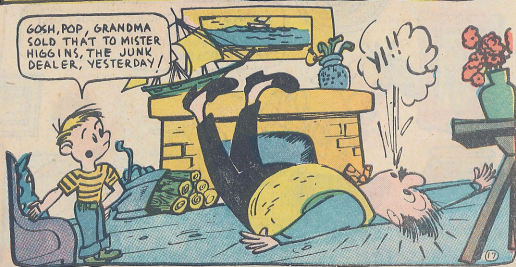
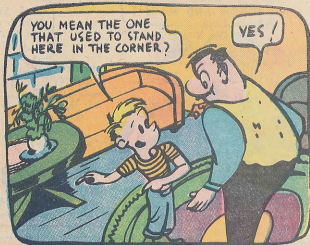
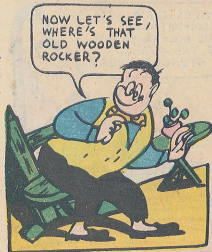
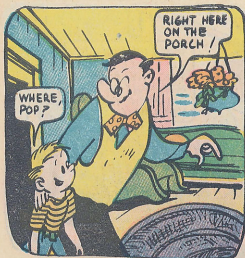












I'LL TRACE THAT
ROCKER DOWN!
GOTTA GET JUNIOR
THAT UNIFORM!

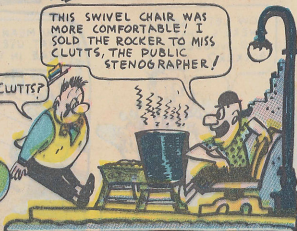


FIFTH AND MAIN!

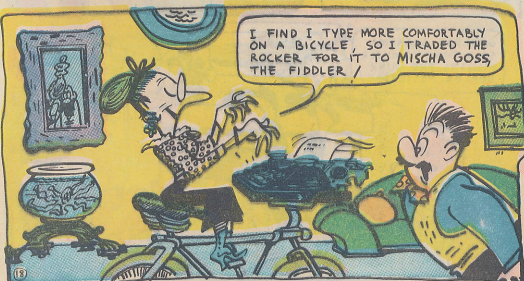


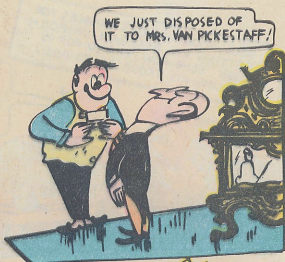
CLUTTS?

THIS SWIVEL CHAIR WAS
MORE COMFORTABLE! I
SOLD THE ROCKER TO MISS
CLUTTS, THE PUBLIC
STENOGRAPHER!



I FIND I TYPE MORE COMFORTABLY
ON A BICYCLE, SO I TRADED THE
ROCKER FOR IT TO MISCHA GOSS,
THE FIDDLER!





WELL, POOR JUNIOR'S CHANCES FOR
GETTING HIS BASEBALL UNIFORM
LOOK SLIM NOW -- AND POP IS
TELLING HIS TROUBLES TO DOC!

I DON'T MIND
MISSING THE
PICNIC!

YEH, IT'S THE KID'S UNIFORM!
YOU SAY THE CHAIR WENT FROM
HIGGINS TO THE CHESTNUT
PEDDLER, AND MRS. CLUTTS TO
THE FIDDLER?

--TO DECLIPP THE ANTIQUE
DEALER, AND THEN TO
MRS. VAN PICKSTAFF!

VAN PICKSTAFF,
DID YOU SAY?

YEH!

THAT BIG MANSION
UP ON THE HILL?

YEAH!

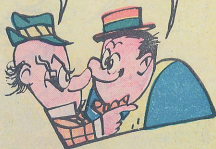
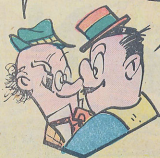
YOUR TROUBLES
ARE OVER, POP!

A VERY DEAR FRIEND
OF MINE IS UP THERE
EVERY DAY!

THEIR
LAWYER?

NO, THE
GARBAGE
COLLECTOR!

WELL, WE CAN'T
WAIT TILL THEY
THROW THE CHAIR
AWAY!

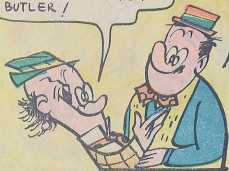


THAT'S NOT WHAT I HAD
IN MIND! THEY'RE SHORT
OF HELP UP THERE! YOU
COULD GET A JOB AS A
BUTLER!

ME, A
BUTLER?

SURE! THEY'RE
DESPERATE!
THEY DON'T CARE
HOW BAD YOU
ARE!

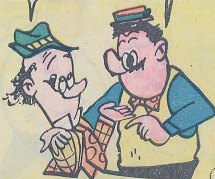
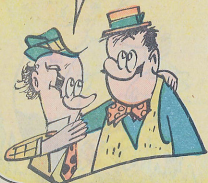
MMM!

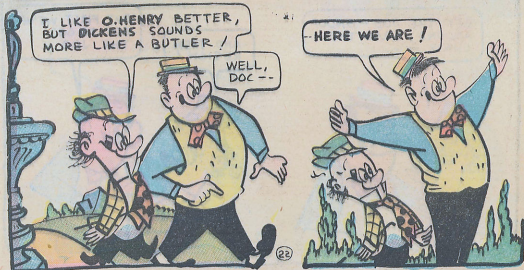


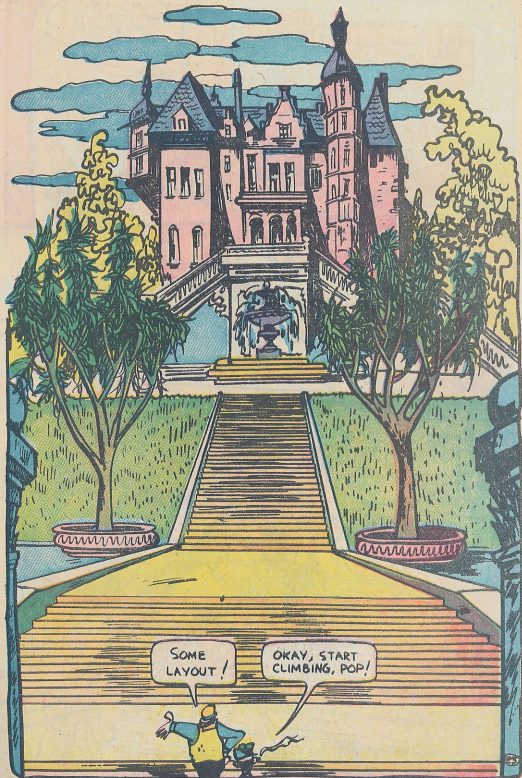
GET THE JOB - SNOOP
AROUND, GRAB THE
CHAIR - -

-AND THEN
RESIGN!

BUT FIRST WE'VE
GOT TO GET
THE JOB!

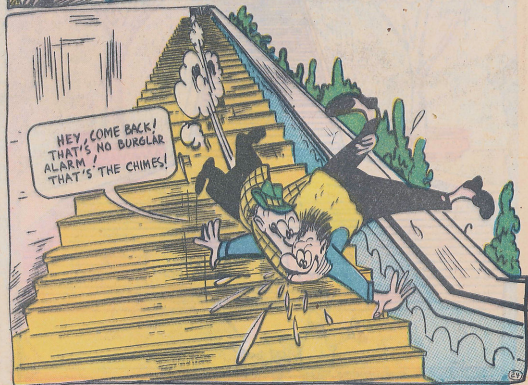
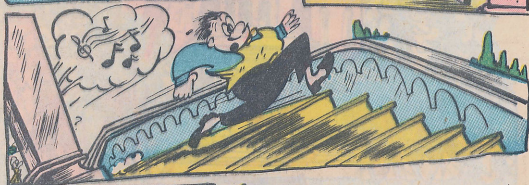
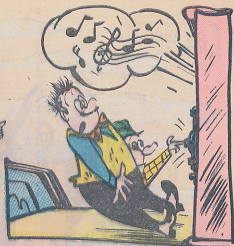


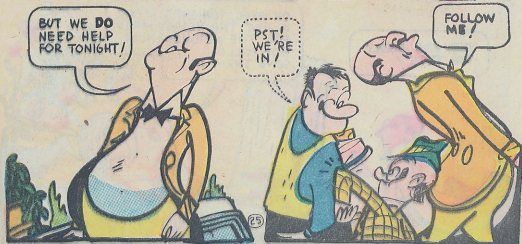


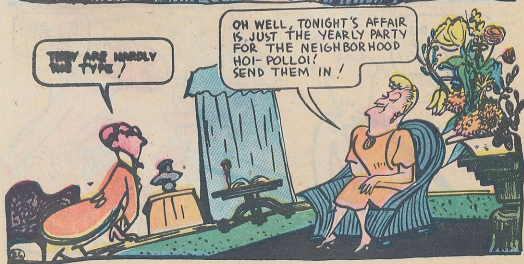
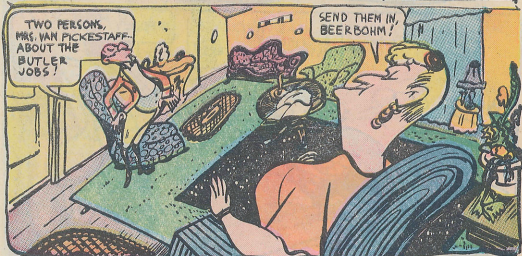
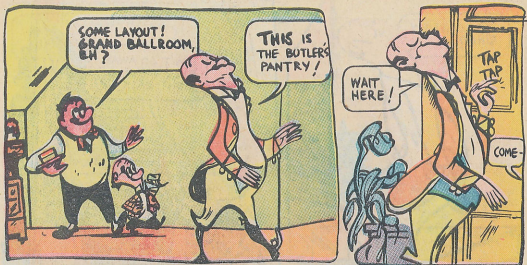


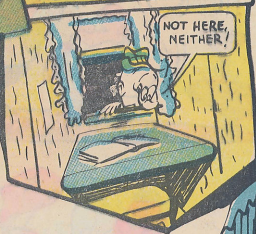
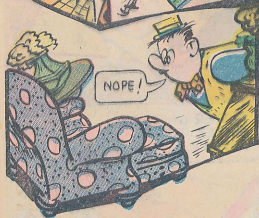
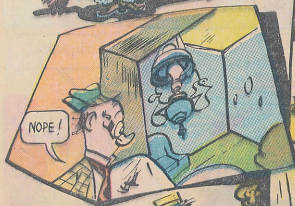
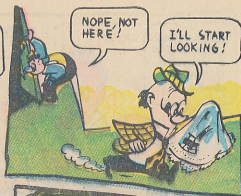
SOME
LAYOUT!

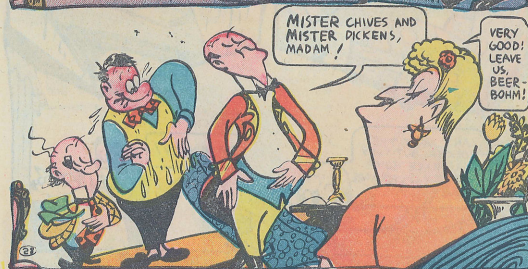
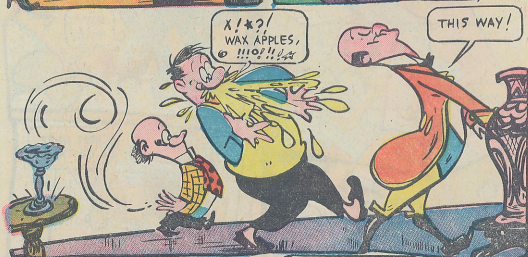
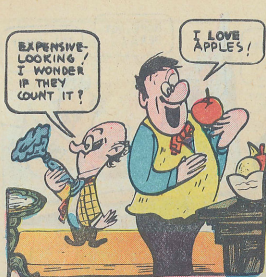
OKAY, START
CLIMBING, POP!

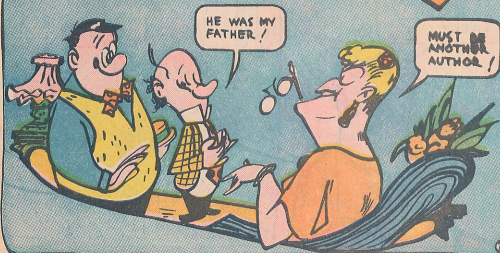
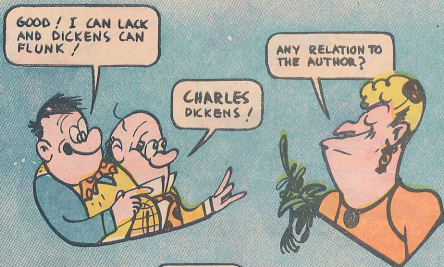
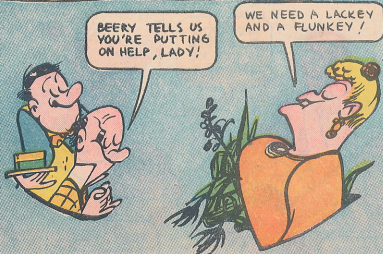


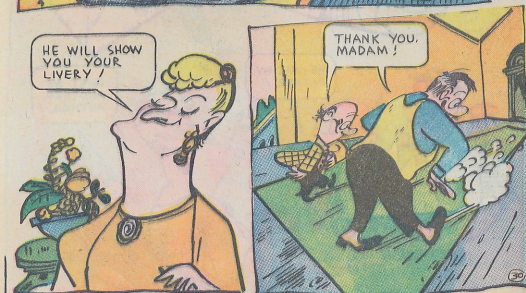
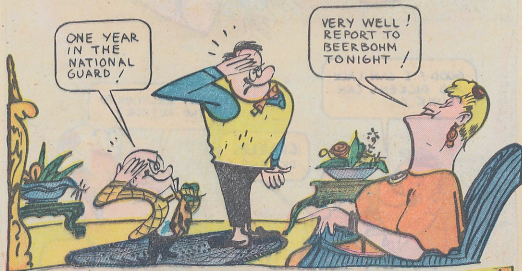
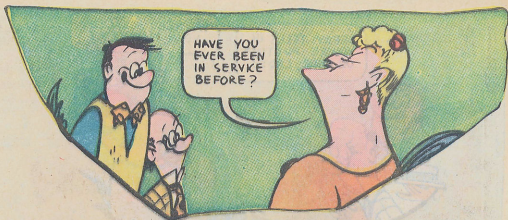


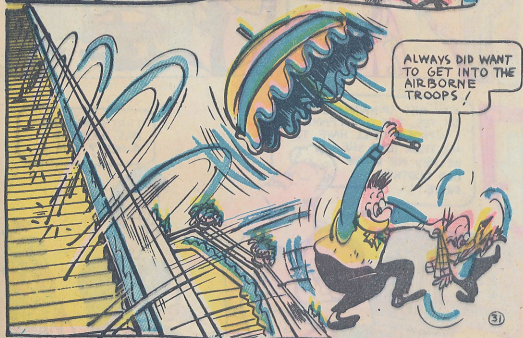


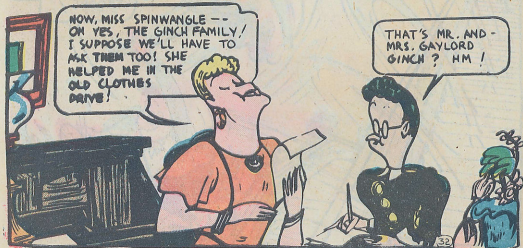
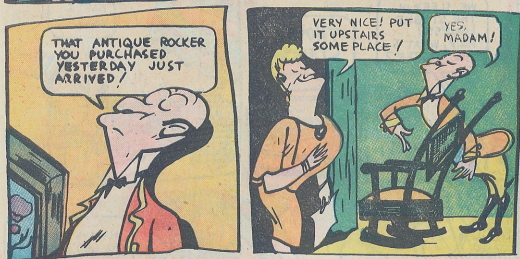
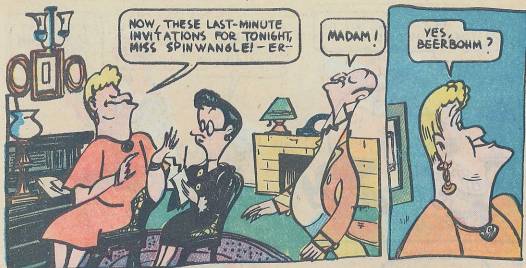












MOTHER !!

LOOK WHAT JUST ARRIVED,
SPECIAL DELIVERY ! AN
INVITATION TO THE
VAN PICKSTAFF'S
FOR TONIGHT !



"MR. AND MRS. GAYLORD GINCH
AND FAMILY," ISN'T IT
WONDERFUL ? A MARVELOUS
CONTACT FOR GAYLORD !



HE'LL PROBABLY TRY
TO BORROW A
QUARTER, AND
QUEER US !

THERE'S
THE PHONE,
MOM !

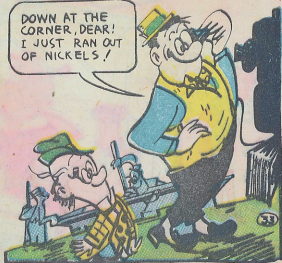


WILL YOU ACCEPT
CHARGES ON A
CALL FROM
MR. GAYLORD GINCH?

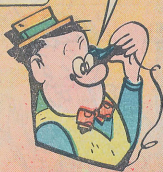


(HE MUST BE OUT OF TOWN!)
WHY YES !
GAYLORD, WHERE ARE YOU?

DOWN AT THE
CORNER, DEAR!
I JUST RAN OUT
OF NICKELS !



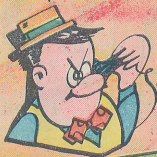
CAN'T BE HOME TONIGHT, DEAR!
A VERY IMPORTANT BUSINESS
DEAL!



OH, MY! WE'VE JUST
BEEN INVITED
TO A WONDERFUL
PARTY!



I DARESAY, MY DEAR--
BUT BUSINESS IS
BUSINESS!



THIS IS A WORKADAY WORLD,
YOU KNOW! CAN'T THINK
OF PARTIES! SEE YOU
TOMORROW! GOOD-BYE,
DEAR!



OH, MOTHER!
GAYLORD
CAN'T COME
TO THE PARTY
WITH US
TONIGHT!



FINE! NOW
I KNOW WE'LL
HAVE A GOOD
TIME!



HUH?

WELL!! WHAT D'YA KNOW!

Gertrude, Junior and Grandma Appleby are all on the way to Mrs. Van Pickestaff's party—at which, unbeknownst to them, Pop and Doc are acting as assistant butlers!

It all started, as you remember, when Doc Pearson phoned Pop Ginch about the sensational picnic that the club was tossing—at five dollars a head—and Doc said to Pop: "Can you raise that kind of dough, Pop?" And Pop said: "Raise it? I've already got it salted away! Sewed up in the cushion of

that old rocker out on the porch!"



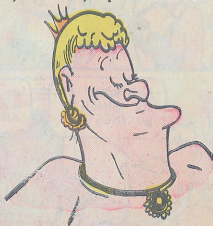
Well, at that point, in came Junior—feeling mighty low! All the members of his school ball team were buy-

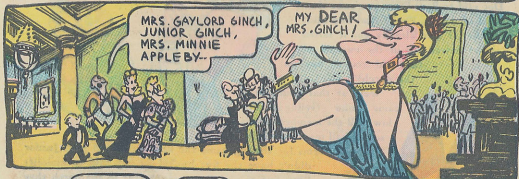
ing uniforms for the big game the next day—and poor Junior didn't have the five bucks! So Pop said to himself: "Bye-bye picnic! Come, son!" Out to the porch they went to dig the five dollars out of the old rocker—but it was gone! Grandma Appleby had sold it to a junk dealer the day before—and from there, it had wound up in the antique collection of Mrs. Van Pickestaff!



So in order to get to the rocker and retrieve the five bucks, Pop and Doc got themselves jobs as butlers for the big shindig that Mrs. Van Pickestaff was tossing that evening. They don't really expect to buttle too much. All they want is to get their hooks on the rocker, and they show up for work after Pop has called Gert to tell her that he'll be tied up on a *very* big business deal that night.

Gert is disappointed, but Grandma Appleby is delighted with the news that Pop Ginch won't be able to join them at the party. (That's what *she* thinks—yuk-yuk!) And here are Gertrude, Grandma and Junior—making a very proud entrance to the party at the Van Pickestaff mansion!





OH, MY ACHING BACK! PREFAB -- YUKK !!

QUIET, GRANDMA!

WELL, I HOPE YOU'LL
ENJOY THE EVENING
REGARDLESS!

I'M
SURE
WE
WILL!

LA MARIPOSA, THE
FAMOUS CHANTEUSE,
WILL SING FOR US
TONIGHT!

SHE WILL
ARRIVE
PRESENTLY!

I WONDER WHERE
GAYLORD IS?

LITTLE DOES GERT KNOW
THAT GAYLORD AND "DOC"
ARE RIGHT UPSTAIRS--
PREPARING TO ACT AS
ASSISTANT BUTLERS
FOR THE EVENING!

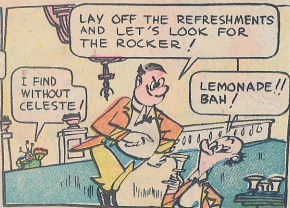
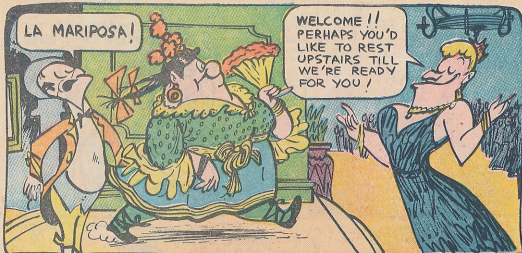
BOY, DO
THESE
RAYON
STOCKINGS
SAG!

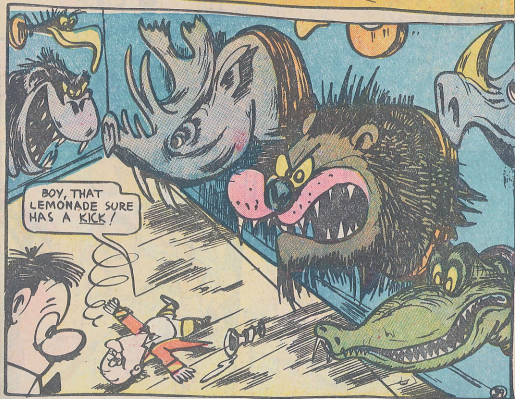
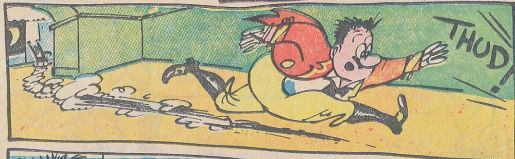
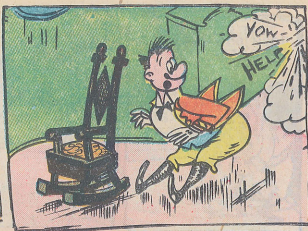
HURRY, YOU
TWO! YOU'RE
NEEDED
DOWNSTAIRS!

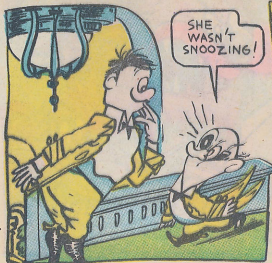
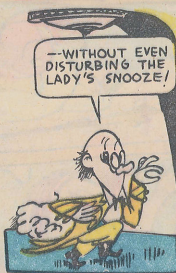
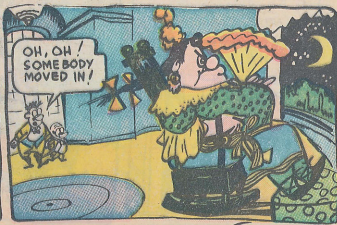
LET'S TAKE A QUICK
LOOK AROUND UP HERE!
MAYBE WE CAN FIND THE
ROCKING CHAIR!

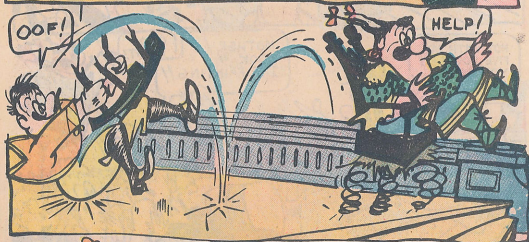
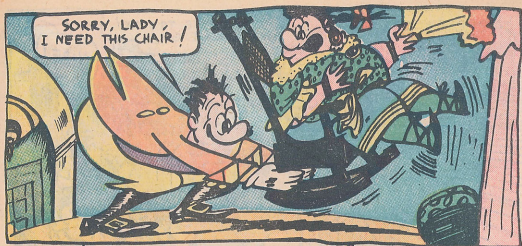
GOOD! THEN
WE WON'T HAVE
TO STAY FOR THE
PARTY!

- WHILE
DOWNSTAIRS -



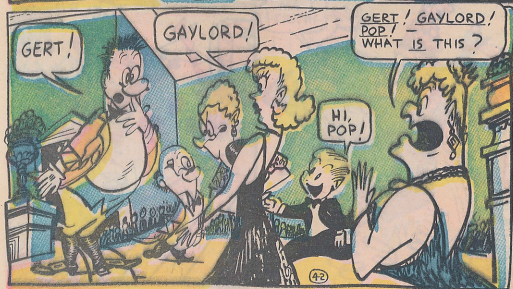
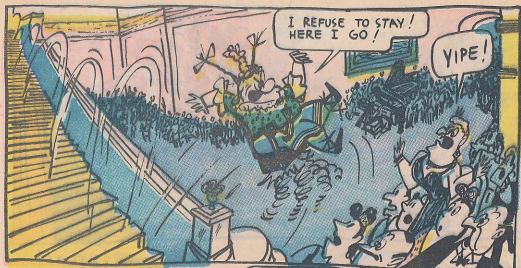


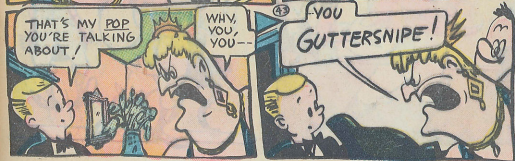
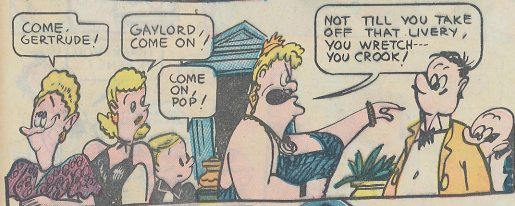
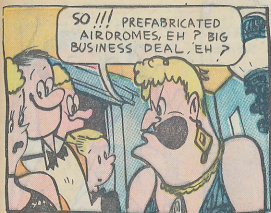


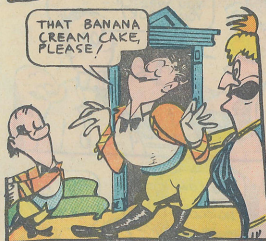
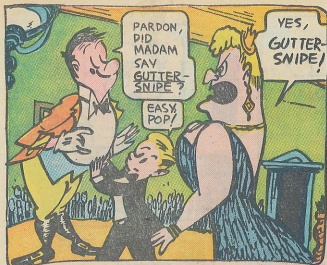


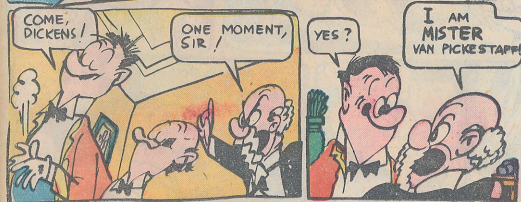
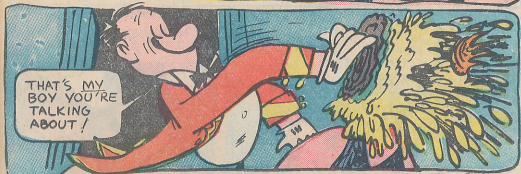
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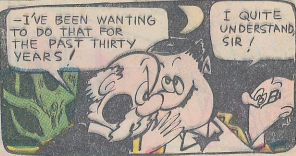
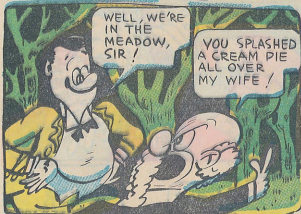
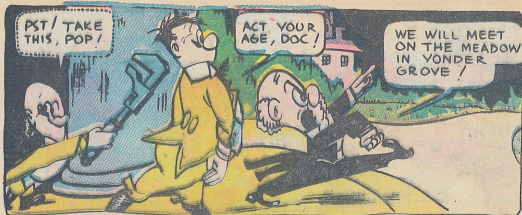


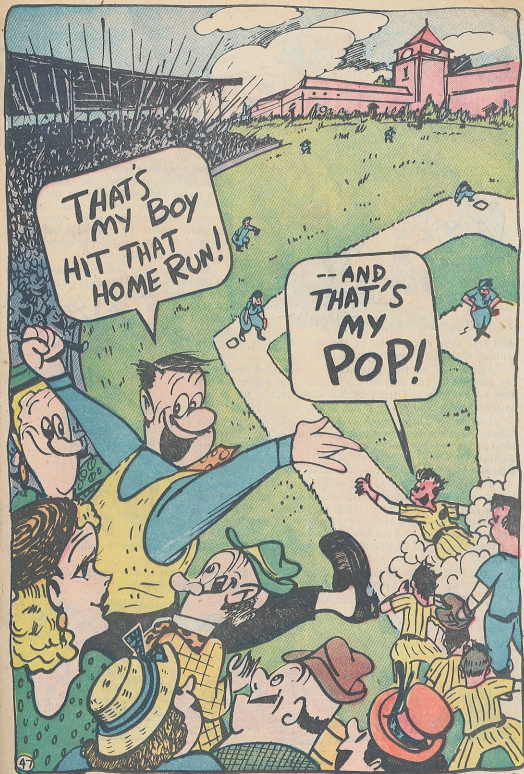




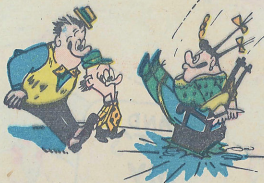








AND WHAT OF LA MARIPOSA?



and Doc were coming out of the stadium after watching Junior sock that terrific home run!

"Well, well, my bouncing beauty!" exclaimed Pop. "Now we can get to the seat of the trouble and probe for my five bucks—which, I trust, is still safely sewed up in the cushion on which you're doing a tour of our city!"

But before La Mariposa could reply, she was off again—gone with the wind and sailing on the springs! But Pop, who in his day had been star outfielder with the Baltimore Bobcats, made a flying grab at the soaring cushion. He connected—there was a rip—and *what do you think?*

Out came not only his five-dollar bill, but three others which had been hidden in the cushion of the old rocker years and years ago, by a person or persons unknown! So Pop said: "Well, Doc! Didn't I tell you I had business ability? Now that I've got the three extra fins, how's about we invite Gertrude, Junior and even my dear old mother-in-law Appleby to join us at the picnic?"

"Sure!" said Doc heartily. "I think it's me that your mother-in-law *really* likes, even though she's always talking about Van Johnson and Frankie Sinatra!"

So here we leave Pop, Junior, Gert, Mother-in-law Appleby and Doc—all having a grand time at the picnic!



You remember how she was planted in the rocker when Pop tried to grab it from under her—and she went bouncing down on the springs, right into the Van Picketstaff ballroom? Well, La Mariposa—which, by the way, means Butterfly in Spanish—kept bouncing, right out of the place!

She bounced in and out of the Zoo, the Opera house and the Public Library, then vaulted into the High School Baseball Field just as Pop

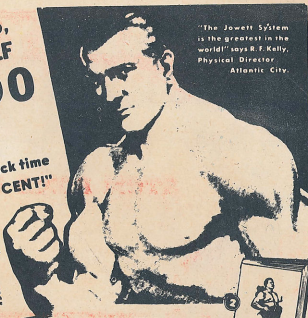


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